

## The Tragedy of Hamlet

*Ham.* And doe still by these pickers and stealers.

*Ros.* Good my Lord what is your cause of distemper? you doe surely barre the doore upon your owne liberty, if you deny your griefes to your friend.

*Ham.* Sir I lacke advancement.

*Ros.* How can that be, when you have the voice of the King himselfe for your succession in *Denmarke*?

*Enter the Players with Recorders.*

*Ham.* I sir, but while the grasse growes; the proverbe is something musty: oh the Recorders, let me see one, to withdraw with you; why doe you goe about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toile?

*Gu.* O my Lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmanerly.

*Ha.* I do not well understand that: will you play upon this pipe?

*Guyl.* My Lord I cannot.

*Ham.* I pray you.

*Guyl.* Beleeve me I cannot.

*Ham.* I beseech you.

*Guyl.* I know no touch of it my Lord.

*Ham.* It is as easie as lying; govern these ventages with your fingers and the thumbe, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent musick: look you, these are the stops.

*Guyl.* But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony, I have not the skill.

*Ham.* Why look you now how unworthy a thing you make of me, you would play upon me, you would seeme to know my stops, you would plucke out the heart of my myserie, you would sound mee from my lowest note to my compasse, and there is much musicke, excellent voice in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speake, s'bloud do you think I am easier to be plaid on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you fret me not, you cannot play upon me. God blesse you sir.

*Enter Polonius.*

*Pol.* My Lord the Queen would speak with you, and presently.

*Ha.* Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camel?

*Pol.* By'th masse and 'tis like a Camell indeed.

*Ham.* Me thinkes it is like a Wezell.

*Pol.* It is blacke like a Wezell.

*Ham.*

## Prince of Denmarke.

*Ham.* Or like a Whale.

*Pol.* Very like a Whale.

*Ham.* Then I will come to my mother by and by. They foole me to the top of my bent. I will come by. Leave me friends.

I will, say so. By and by is easly said.

'Tis now the very witching time of night,

When Church-yards yawne, and hell it selfe breathe

Contagion to the world: now could I drinke hot blood

And doe such businesse as the bitter day

Would quake to looke on: soft, now to my mother

O heart lose not thy nature! let not ever

The soule of *Nero* enter this firme bosome!

Let me be cruell, not unnaturall.

I will speake daggers to her, but use none,

My tongue and soule in this be hypocrites;

How in my words soever she be shent,

To give them seales never my soule consent.

*Enter King, Rosencrans, and Guyldesterne.*

*King.* I like him not, nor stands it safe with us

To let his madnesse range; therefore prepare you,

I your Commission will forthwith dispatch,

And he to *England* shall along with you,

The tearmes of our estate may not endure

Hazzard so neare us as doth hourelly grow

Out of his browes.

*Guyl.* We will our selves provide;

Most holy and religious feare it is

To keepe those many many bodies safe

That live and feed upon your Majesty.

*Ros.* The single and peculiar life is bound

With all the strength and armour of the mind

To keepe it selfe from noyance, but much more

That spirit, upon whose weale depends and rests

The lives of many: the cesse of Majesty

Dyes not alone, but like a gulfe doth draw

What's neare it with it: or it is a massie wheele,

Fixt on the somnet of the highest mount,

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